THE BOYS.

There come the boys! Oh, dear the noise
The whole house feels the racket;
Behold the knees of Christie's pants,
And weep o'er Bertie's jacket!

But never mind; if eyes keep bright,
And limbs grow straight and limber;
We'd rather lose the tree's whole bark
Than find unsound the timber.

Now hear the tops and marbles roll!
The floors—oh, woe betide them!
And I must watch the banisters,
For I know the boys who ride them

Look well as you descend the stairs,
I often find them haunted
By ghostly boys that make no noise
Just when their noise is wanted.

The very chairs are tied in pairs,
And made to prance and caper;
What swords are whittled out of sticks;
What brave hats made of paper.

The dinner-bell peals loud and well,
To tell the milkman's coming;
And then the rush of "steam-car trains"
Sets all our ears a-humming.

How oft I say, "What shall I do
To keep these children quiet?
If I could find a good receipt
I certainly should try it.

But what to do with these wild boys
And all their din and clatter,
Is really quite a grave affair—
No laughing, trifling, matter

"Boys will be boys"—but not for long;
Ah, could we bear about us
This thought:—How very soon our boys
Will learn to do without us;

How soon, and tall, deep-voiced men
Will gravely call us "Mother,"
Or we be stretching empty hands
From this world to the other.

More gently should we chide the noise,
And when night quells the racket,
Stitch in but loving thoughts and prayers
While mending pants and jacket.
—*Housekeeper.*

BABY SONG.

Of all the lambs with the prettiest eyes
And the jumpingest feet baby's the funniest
Baby's the bonniest and he seldom cries
And he's always sweet. Oh baby's the bonniest
And baby's the funniest and baby's the shiniest
And baby's the uniest and baby's the merriest
And baby's the worriest of all the lambs
That plague the dams. And mother's the lovingest
Of all the dams that feed the lambs
That go crop-cropping without stop-stopping;
And father's the best of all the swallows
That build their nest out of the shining shallows;
And we have the merriest children.
That's baby and Johnny, and Johnny and baby.
And baby and Johnny, and Johnny and baby.
—*Ex.*

HARRY.

'Another train on in half an hour. Will any gentleman get out to oblige a lady?'

The station at Oxenholme Junction, 'change here for Windermere,' was crowded with travellers hastening lakeward, and anxious to reach their various destinations in time for dinner or tea, as the case might be. The platform was still dotted with the different costumes, ultra-pretty or ultra-ugly, which delight the tourist eye, though the train now on the point of starting was already so full that distinctions of class had been lost sight of in the rush for seats made by the famished and tired crowd. Mrs. Salway felt sure that such was the case as she sat in the corner of her first-class carriage, and alternately cast angry glances at the people who had scrambled in after her, and piteous ones at her younger daughter, who had not been so successful in the crash, and was now standing forlornly enough upon the platform.

'It is so like Mary,' Mrs. Salway murmured to her elder daughters; 'really your father should have waited for us; this is the last time that we travel in two parties. I had no idea that first-class passengers were crowded out of their seats, and mixed with everybody in this way. I suppose we must get out and all stay until the next train?'

And indeed the other passengers, notwithstanding the guard's invitation and her black looks, showed no inclination to postpone their arrival for half an hour, and risk the chance of being late at table d'hote.

There was one passenger, sitting in the opposite corner from the platform, who excited Mrs. Salway's more particular spleen. She was quite certain that the ticket in his pocket, if he had one at all (this was a mental reservation), was for the third class. His rough suit was shabby, and had seen much service, more especially the knickerbocker part of it, and in that service his soft gray hat had apparently shared to a very considerable extent. His boots were as innocent of blacking as his stick of varnish, and the small knapsack above his head would have failed to carry confidence to the mind of the least suspicious of hotel-keepers. But he had some redeeming points about him; his hands were gloved—in old gloves once yellow, it is true—and he 'gave up his seat to oblige a lady,' according to the guard's formula.

From his place in the corner of the carriage he could not see whom he was obliging, until, having retired with the shamefaced confusion which nine out of ten Englishmen assume when they are being conspicuously courteous, he stole a glance at her face as she stepped in.

She gave him a little bow of thanks, and a smile of such evident gratitude as would have converted the many family friends who considered Mary Salway rather plain than otherwise. She had a small pale face, with shy brown eyes a size too large for it; a rather timid, retiring face, which made one agree with her mother that giving way in a crush was 'just like Mary,' and very unlike Mrs. Salway. Our friend in knickerbockers saw the smile, and would fain have become better acquainted with it; but the train was already moving off with the young lady, and, as he remembered when too late, with his knapsack as well.

So it happened that when he did reach Windermere station his scanty baggage was not to be found. Knapsacks, large and small, are common things at the Lakes, and inquiries were in vain. The Crown Hotel at Bowness reached, he was only just in time to get the last vacant room, a little one at the top of the house, much encumbered with spare baths, a baby's crib, and other odds and ends, but otherwise almost as ill provided with furniture as I was with luggage. However, he was lucky in not having to sleep under the billiard-table, as had happened to some wayfarers in those parts; and besides, the room had such a view of the head of Windermere, the Langdale Pikes, and High St., as made up for some slight inconveniences.

Strict evening dress is not demanded by etiquette at the Lake hotels. Some of the company, no doubt, are Americans, traveling with mountains of iron-bound trunks, bearing the labels of half the hotels in Europe; many are honeymooning couples, arrayed in the newest of apparel from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot. But many also carry their luggage in their hands or on their backs, and so swallow-tails and spotless shirt-fronts are out of the question. But the etiquette of the *table d'hote* does look for one thing, and that is a black coat of some kind or other. Therefore Mrs. Salway, who (for various reasons had not felt all her daughter's gratitude, was much aggrieved at the presence of our hero in his knickerbocker suit; not knowing that it was through his courtesy that he was compelled to appear in this (to Mrs. Salway, with whom form and ceremony were fetishes, from whose worship rank and wealth alone were free) disgraceful state. But she was more aggrieved at his proximity to her party, and most of all at her husband's stupidity and mismanagement in leaving Mary to take the outside seat, so that the young fellow was next to her. The objectionable gentleman did not see the matter at all in the same light; but having attacked the young lady's reserve by the usual observations about the weather, rattled on so pleasantly that Mary quite forgot that she had not been introduced to him, and was emboldened to say with a blush:

'I am so much obliged to you for your kindness this afternoon; had you not given up your seat we should have all had to stay.'

'I was very glad to be of service to you. Do you stop here long?'

'A week at least, I believe.'

'I suppose you have private rooms here, and you will disappear after dinner?'

'Oh, no; my father likes to see strangers, and the coming and going he thinks it a change after home life.'

'Very true,' answered the gentleman, with a look of content on his face which was not lost upon Mary. She began to feel that the Lake holiday promised to be at least as agreeable as she had expected. Women are quick, very quick, to read men's thoughts when they are turned toward themselves, even such a shy little Hampstead maiden as Mary, just released from the governess' thraldom, and still suffering a good deal from repression at the hands of her mother and sisters. She stole a look at him while he is engaged with his entree. He is not handsome; she settles that at once. He is not tall, with a black moustache, flashing dark eyes and imposing manner; only a keen, sunburnt face in his, with small black whiskers, and with eyes bright enough, but of no particular color. But if his clothes are old and shabby, he seems at home in them, and perfectly at ease with his company, she is certain that he is a gentleman, not because he gave up his seat to her, but by a hundred tiny proofs. And she enjoys her first hotel dinner very much, and wonders whether the same seats will be reserved for them every evening.

So when she rises and follows, Mary is inclined to view the world through rose-colored spectacles. Not so her mother. Mrs. Salway has, during dinner, been talking to an old gentleman who chanced to sit next to her and whom she does not know from Adam; but nevertheless on the road to the drawing room she puts before Mary the enormity of talking to a gentleman to whom she had not been introduced, and begs her to behave herself like Agnes and Laura, who, having been walled in from such approaches by those heavy flanking parties, Mr. and Mrs. Salway, have had no chance of sinning in the same way. Her father is instructed to see that Mary is not allowed to outlie the party another evening; and when the objectionable young gentleman actually has the audacity, to quote Mrs. Salway's words, to enter the drawing-room in his knickerbockers, and looks inquiringly round as if for some particular person, he finds Mary penned in a corner by her mother and sisters, who regard him, and especially his nether garments, with looks in which wonder and scorn are finely blended. That richly dressed matron having set the example, he finds himself rather coolly received in other quarters, and soon retires from the scene in search, if I may make a guess, of the smoking-room.

But strict reserve in the club-like life of a tourists' hotel is difficult to maintain. If you do not meet your bugbear (or vice versa, for it is more polite to suppose that you, reader, stand in Mary's place than in her elders') upon the coach to Ullswater, you will do so most probably next day on that going to Coniston; if not in the drawing-room, then in that favorite resort the verandah; if not at breakfast, then at dinner, or lunch, or lighting a bedroom candle, or on the steamboat, you will be sure to find him or her opposite to you. So it was with our young friends, and Mary suffered in consequence. The sisters persisted, as sisters will in such a case, that Mary encouraged him, but I believe that he needed small encouragement. Now and then too he suffered a little; Mrs. Salway would be rude to him, and the girls overlooked and slighted him with a haughty contempt that was certainly felt more by Mary than by the person for whom it was chiefly intended. Mrs. Salway had made up her mind that he was a commercial traveller, and was not chary of stating her belief; so that the young fellow without a black coat came quite unconsciously to be considered a rather objectionable member of the little community; a wolf—and worse, a low class of wolf.

This had gone on for more than a week, when the Salways went by coach to Coniston, with the intention, so far as the younger ones were concerned, of ascending the Old Man. It was a bright and gloriously fine morning, one of those so sparingly granted amid this beautiful scenery. The party were in the highest spirits; the careful mother had begun to contemplate changing their plans, and running away from that vulgar young man, who had last evening crowned his other enormities by openly drinking beer out of a pewter at the table d'hote dinner; but now she congratulated herself on his absence. It must be confessed, Mary was a little dull; no doubt the scenery was beautiful, and her sisters were prepared to join in any amount of loudly-expressed admiration of it, as they swept past Esthwaite Water, and over Coniston Pass, and through the thickly-wooded slope that, like a shrubbery, surrounds Coniston Water, and forms so rich a contrast to the bare gigantic sides of the Old Man. But she brightened up directly.

'I declare now,' cried Mrs. Salway as they came in sight of the village hotel, 'if there's not that dreadful young man! Now, Mary, remember what I told you.'

'The child can't be rude to him,' said her father, who had a sneaking preference for Mary, and had seen the faint blush which that figure lounging there at the porch had brought to her cheeks long before her mother had noted the gentleman's identity.

'We had better wait and let him go up the hill first,' said Agnes, a dark handsome girl, who always attracted a circle of admirers, and had brought two or three with her on this expedition.

'Nonsense!' cried Mr. Salway. 'If we are to go up we must start at once: the coach will leave at 6, and that does not give us any too much time. What will you and Laura do?' added he to his wife.

'Oh, we will walk all the way round the lake, papa. I do not envy you your climb, especially if you will bring me a nice root of the parsley fern.'

Laura was the studious and learned member of the family, seldom visible without spectacles, and more attached to ferns and botany than to anyone outside her own circle.

It is a very long pull up-hill from Coniston village to the top of the Old Man towering nearly three thousand feet above it, and so our party found it. They started five, but had not gone far when the objectionable young fellow joined them, and, seizing his opportunity, soon detained Mary from the rest, I believe that, on this occasion at any rate, she made some resistance. But Agnes had her hands too full of her swains to look after her sister: and as for Mr. Salway, who was stout and more at his ease upon the pavement of the Stock Exchange than the side of a Westmoreland fell, he had enough to do to mind his own business up the winding path, even though for a long distance that path cannot be called precipitous. Mary was far lighter and more nimble than her Juno-like sister, and so the pair, in no very long time, took the lead. That the young gentleman had not been wasting his time, may be inferred from a scrap of the conversation.

'I wonder whether this week has been as pleasant to you as to me, Mary?'

'It has been very nice. The lakes are delightful.'

'Ah, of course; you must have had a pleasant drive this morning?' answered he with some haste.

'Oh, yes, pretty well,' assented Mary, but dubiously.

'I am going away to-morrow.'

She turned her face the other way, and diligently rooted up a bit of parsley—a very scrubby bit too, though there were plenty of splendid clusters not far off. Then she said frankly, though still with her face turned away.

'I am so sorry.'

'Are you really, dear? Won't your mother be glad, though? She doesn't like me much.'

'No,' said Mary candidly.

'Do you?'

'You have no right to ask me that.'

'Have I not? And why not Miss Mary?'

'Because—because you have not told me—whether you like me.'

'I think I called you something, Miss Mary Salway, a few minutes ago,' glancing up and down the path: they were just in the centre of the gorge near the Low Water Tarn, and there was no one in sight. Mary did not answer. 'You've forgotten, perhaps, what it was, dear?'

She shook her head.

'I meant it. You are very dear to me.'

'You've only known me nine days.'

His arm, which had been assisting her up the steep path, was now giving her much surer support.

'And to know you a day, my darling, is to love you.'

And Mary, her arms full of parsley fern, was kissed before she could escape. Then a little reaction of feeling took place on her part.

'I don't even know your name,' she said, standing still.

'Of course not; Harry. It's rather a common name, isn't it?'

'Harry?' murmured the girl softly; 'and—and what else?'

'Oh, never mind that. You have not yet answered my question whether you like me.'

'Yes, I like you.'

'That won't do, Mary.' The question is now altered to—love me?'

'You have answered it for yourself, I think. Do you suppose I should have let you do what you have, if I had not?'

And they went on up the hill.

When they reached the top, it was unoccupied; and seldom, indeed, had it been gained by two more happy people. A sunny, smiling world stretched round them from sea to sea, the lights and shades flitted over the green sides of the Old Man's brethren; while below, lake beyond lake reflected the sky, and round them, peak beyond peak, the mountains stretched as far as eye could reach. Only Scawfell's summit was veiled in mist. They stood by the cairn, and for a moment almost forgot one another in the grandeur of the sight. No, not forgot one another; rather it was the thought of the other's presence which tinged with a brighter lustre the brightest sunbeam on the distant lakes. No wonder that they sat down by the cairn, taking no very careful note of the passage of time, and talked more of those sweet nothings than before. At length Harry looked at his watch and discovered that they had but an hour in which to make the descent if they wished to catch the coach.

'The others must have given it up and turned back, Mary.'

'I suppose so. We must come up with them, or mamma will be so angry.'

'Poor little Mary!'

'Don't, sir! How misty it has become!'

'By Jove! so it has. I ought to have looked out. Have we not the world to ourselves? But I wish I were quite certain which is the side by which we came up. We must make a start, anyhow.'

Have you ever, when at the top of a Westmoreland hill, found yourself silently, as if by magic, surrounded by a mist, from which a London fog would, for density and a power of confusing things, hardly bear off the palm? A moment ago a smiling plain, set with lakes, as if with jewels, and rimmed with purple hills, was before you; a little puff of thin mist almost transparent, rises from some neighboring gorge, another, and another, and lo! your prospect is narrowed to a few feet of turf and shale, a cold ghastly cairn of stones, and beyond—nothing, nothing but mist, surrounding your little island like a gray ocean. While all is clear, it is so hard for a novice in mountains to realize the difficulty of finding his way in such a state of things; but the difficulty is very real. Our hero, who had experience of it, was quite at fault, nevertheless; he had been too much occupied with his companion to notice the direction of the wind, or any landmarks which might indicate the side on which they had come up. Once safely upon the path, the foot of the hill might, by patience and care, be gained; but the summit was stony, and on two sides precipitous. He remembered that a honeymooning couple had only a week before been caught upon Helvelyn and detained all night by the mist. Such an adventure would be much worse for himself and Mary; the latter would certainly suffer, so he made a resolute attempt to descend.

Mary trusted to him implicitly, and hand in hand they had successfully descended some distance, although the steepness of the hillside and its rocky nature made him feel pretty sure that this was not side by side which they had gained the top. Slip, stumble, slip, here a few yards of steep turf sliding them, there the stones giving way under foot, and warning him at least that they were on the border of a scree. The ground grew more and more treacherous and rocky; after a stumble worse than those which had preceded it, he stopped to try if their eyes could distinguish anything through the gulf of mist into which they had nearly plunged headlong. No, the curtain was as thick as ever, and the rain besides was falling heavily. Then he started a large stone, in order to judge by its descent what kind of ground lay in front of them: three yards, and it was hidden from sight; bound, bound, twice it struck the rocks, and then an interval of silence, and then a sullen distant splash. He shuddered, and drew the girl back against the rocks.

'Thank God!' he muttered; 'a few more steps, and we should have gone over the scree into Low Water Tarn.' Mary's distress, as slowly and very carefully they retraced their steps, may be well imagined. Not only was she tired, worn out, and frightened, but the thought of what would be said if they could not descend speedily was tormenting her. The poor girl was feverishly anxious at any risk, to get off the hill, and her companion had much work to prevent her meeting with a mishap. Consequently, when they a second time reached the cairn at the top, they were in a very different frame of mind. The young fellow groaned as he looked at his watch, and found it was nearly 7 o'clock and the mist thicker than ever. But not a word of reproach did the brave little maid utter to him.

In the meantime the party assembled in the hotel at the foot of the hill were passing through quite a series of anxieties. When 6 o'clock came, and with it the returning coach, Mrs. Salway's anger at the absence of her youngest daughter, could hardly be concealed from the outside public. Of course they could not leave her and the coach had to depart without them. Her husband present and Mary's absent shared the mother's reproaches with the objectionable young gentleman, while the sisters were quite as much surprised as they expressed themselves to be, for this was 'so unlike Mary.' But when 9 o'clock came and no signs of the missing ones, and the mist grew thicker, the landlady expressed herself decidedly of the opinion that the young lady and gentleman would have to stay upon the hill all night, and hoped they had some wraps.'

'Stay on the hill all night, woman! My daughter with that young man! Good gracious, Mr Salway, you must do something! This is too dreadful!'

So a search-party was organized though with some difficulty, and guides, brandy and lanterns obtained but before it set out Mrs. Salway had been moved to contemplate the affair from a different point of view. She heard the 'tarn' and the 'cliffs' mentioned in whispers by the guides with ominous glances, and saw from her husband's face that he knew and did not think lightly of their suspicions. Up to this time she had thought only of her daughter's good name, and the way in which it was being compromised, but now her fears for her daughter's safety took the place of this feeling. Agnes and Laura, eloquent enough before, were awed into silence, and the affair was assuming a very serious light in the eyes of all, when a cry outside proclaimed some news, and just as the party were starting into the mist and rain, the lost ones stood before them.

'Thank Heaven!' cried Mr. Salway, taking charge of Mary, who, what with her wornout condition and her very natural confusion was near fainting. Mrs. Salway, in the revulsion of feeling and fear to relief and then to anger, had nothing to say on the spur of the moment. The girls surrounded Mary, and as they did so they looked defiance, and yet a sort of admiration, at her daring companion.

'Please look to your daughter, Mrs. Salway; she is very wet and fatigued. It is my fault and that of the mist that we are so late. But I will explain, I am sure to your satisfaction in the morning.'

'To my satisfaction, sir!' cried Mrs. Salway, taking up an indignant attitude between him and Mary; but before she could say any more the greater culprit has gone, and the lesser one was not in a state at present to hear the lecture which Mrs. Salway was prepared to administer. And I think it was still held in over the young lady when they took their seats outside the coach for Bowness next day; she was evidently in disgrace, and her mother would not let her quit her side for a moment. For a wonder, Mary had escaped all injurious effects of the exposure, and though very quiet this morning and very shy, she did not look altogether unhappy, and once or twice on the road a smile would cross the demure little face, and a twinkle of fun appear in the big brown eyes. Mrs. Salway saw something of this; and feeling sure that Mary was infatuated with that 'dreadful young fellow,' added a few severe phrases to the lecture she was conning, and hardened her heart to administer it without mercy. 'Mary shall go to Anne to Hampstead to-morrow; with Anne she will be out of danger,' she mentally determined; Anne being the sourest of Mary's maiden-aunts, at this present moment taking care of their house during the holidays. 'No more holidays for you, young lady,' thought her mother to herself.

They had passed Esthwaite water and were nearing Windemere, when the attention of all upon the coach was attracted by the sight of a four-in-hand behind them. It was splendidly horsed, and, as two servants in handsome liveries were sitting behind, it was clearly a private coach. It came along with a wonderful smoothness, which put the spring of the rickety vehicle upon whose top they were perched to shame. Nevertheless it seemed in no hurry to pass them; and presently Mr. Salway, who had been running his eyes over the horses with an expression of critical approval, asked his own driver whose was the four-in-hand following them.

'I guess it will be Sir Henry Norborough's,' said he, whistling up his horses, and getting to the side of the road. 'I see his team standing in the hotel-yard when I was starting. They're four as pretty bays with white stockings as ever I see together.'

'It's Sir Henry Norborough's four-in-hand,' explained Mr. Salway to his womankind, as the other drew gradually alongside.

Ah, Miss Mary, how your cheek has been flushing and blushing, and your eye brightening, and your mouth smiling a proud happy smile, though you have never looked up to see who is the spruce driver of this gallant equipage turned out in all respect fit for Hyde Park! Now he is alongside, handling the ribbons, though the road is narrow and steep, with the ease of custom, looking, with his tall hat and black coat and the flower in his button-hole, every inch a baronet and a member of the Coaching Club. He is 'alongside,' and not until then, when he lifts his hat and shoots one glance at Mary, sitting well protected by her mother and sisters from the wolf—wolf indeed! wolf no longer—not until then do the others recognize their old acquaintance of the knickerbockers and shabby hat. He is gone before they can express their astonishment, or any; but she is so well prepared for it, returns his salute.

'Good gracious!' uttered Mrs. Salway slowly, her eyes glued to his back, can it be? I suppose it really is. Why, who can it be? Can it be his coach?'

'Sir Harry Norborough, I suppose,' answered her husband drily, who has secretly sympathized with Mary, and has been puzzling his brains how to rescue her from that lecture and other disagreeables that he suspects are being prepared for her.

'Mary, is that Sir Harry Narborough?'

'He told me so,' answered the girl demurely, as if the most impossible assertion from his lips would not have commanded her credence.

And it was really true. If the early part of Mary's courtship had had something of the bitter mingled with the sweet, that was all over now. No lectures, no banishment to Aunt Anne for her. 'It was so unlike Mary,' said her sisters among themselves, meaning so unlike her to gain the heart of a baronet. But they were good girls in their way, and tolerably unselfish—just as ready to fall down and worship and pet the successful sister as to repress and snub the schoolgirl. As for Mrs. Salway, when she found Sir Harry's four-in-hand standing at the door of the Crown, and half the visitors in Bowness standing round admiring it; when that rather cynical young gentleman received her at the door with all honor, and a few minutes later proposed for her youngest daughter; when he put that very coach at their disposal, and the whole party had a week's tour in it; when all these things and many more almost as pleasant (including going in to the *table d'hote* dinner on a baronet's arm) had happened, why, Mrs. Salway taught herself to believe that this match was entirely of her contrivance, and was owing simply and purely to her good management and diplomacy.

And demure, quiet Mary, with the shy little face and the big brown eyes, the baronet's wife to be, what of her? Well, nothing more, I think; for this happened in August of this year, 1881, and among the forthcoming Christmas festivities an event of the utmost importance in Mary's life is arranged, which is looked upon by Mrs. Salway with much pride and satisfaction.—*London Society.*

A Lecture by R. S. Burdette.

Robert S. Burdette lectured Wednesday night in Chickering Hall, New York, before the Young Men's Hebrew Association. His subject was "Home, or Advice to Young Men." The hall was full, and the audience responded heartily with laughter and applause to the lecturer's wit and eloquence. Among other things he said:

"There is no place like home—none. People in boarding houses sigh for it and sing about it, and always will, so long as the hand organ is heard in the land. Everybody remembers the old homestead where he was born—one of those old rambling houses that covers four acres of ground and is full of innumerable highways and byways, nooks corners and closets. Why, I remember of going to one of them out in Wisconsin. They took me to the spare room—that place of desolation in any house that contains one—and gave me a tallow candle to go to bed by. And then there was one of those old feather beds six feet high, that you wonder how under the sun you will ever climb into. When you do succeed in falling into it, you go down, down, clear out of sight, your legs and arms sticking out in four directions from the coverings, that are too short and too narrow, and you get colds and rheumatism and consumption and die in six months. And then there is the hole in the window for the air—and the cats—to come in. Both come; the air the most numerously, but the cats to stay the longest. Then they always eat breakfast in the night in these old houses, and the kitchen where they do it, is four counties away from the spare-room, while the thermometer is 1940° below zero, and scratching hard to get lower.

Home is more to a woman than to a man. It is her temple. She is its goddess, its princess—but often its janitor. A man doesn't look so longingly back at the old home, though it never cost him a cent, bought all his clothes, and sent him to college. A man likes his home, when he gets acquainted in it, because there his stupidity passes for the profoundest wisdom. His jokes are all laughed at (though it needs a glossary to get at their meaning) if he only indicates the laughing place. When a man dies he is wept for at home, but the cold world moves right along as if nothing had happened; fond lovers come to his grave-yard, even; wear his tombstone smooth sitting on it, contract bad poetry and worse rheumatism, and burden the air with labial confectionery. I've heard that there were skeletons in many homes. They never got there unless they are brought. Secrets in the family are bad things. There is one, though, that's all right, and that is a handsome Christmas present for the husband, for the bill is sure to be sent to him four days before Christmas, so that everything is made lovely and harmonious."

A Powerful Machine.

The muscles of the body are in reality machines for doing work; and the work they do is much greater than many people have any idea of. A strong man can easily do in a day as much work as though he lifted 350 tons a foot high. The heart itself, the most powerful and the most untiring of the muscles, pumps out the blood which passes into it with a force which appears almost incredible. At every beat it throws out five or six ounces of blood, and in twenty-four hours from fourteen to nineteen tons!

MICHIGAN LUMBER AND SALT.—The annual review of the lumber and salt industry of the Saginaw Valley just published, shows the lumber products of the Saginaw River Mills for 1881 to have been 971,320,000 feet, 304,000,000 shingles and 47,000,000 barrel staves; and that 2,750,000 barrels of salt were manufactured in this State. The total lumber products of the Saginaw Valley on the Lake Huron shore were 1,381,000,000 feet.

The whole volume of immigration to this country for the year 1881 will reach the unprecedented number of 700,000 souls. This embraces the arrivals at all ports, though the large majority were landed at New York. The arrivals at that port in 1876 were 68,264; in 1877, 54,536; in 1879, 135,070; in 1880, 327,371; in 1881, 445,681

FARM.

FARMER JOHN.

"If I'd nothing to do," said Farmer John,
"To fret or bother me—
Were I but rid of this mountain of work,
What a good man I could be!

"The pigs get out and the cows get in,
Where they have no right to be;
And the weeds in the garden and the corn—
Why they fairly frighten me.

"It worries me out of temper quite,
And well-nigh out of my head.
What a curse it is that a man must toil
Like this for his daily bread!"

But Farmer John he broke his leg,
And was kept for many a week,
A helpless man and an idle man—
Was he therefore mild and meek?

Nay; what with the pain, and what with the fret
Of sitting with nothing to do,
And the farm work botched with a shiftless hand,
He got very cross and blue.

He scolded the children and cuffed the dog
That fawned about his knee;
And snarled at his wife, though she was kind
And patient as wife could be.

He grumbled, and whined, and fretted, and fumed,
The whole of the long day through.
"Twill ruin me quite," cried Farmer John,
"To sit here with nothing to do!"

His hurt got well, and he went to work,
And a busier man than he,
A happier man, or a pleasanter man
You never would wish to see,

The pigs got out and he drove them back,
Whistling right merrily;
He mended the fence, and kept the cows
Just where they ought to be.

Weeding the garden was jolly fun,
And ditto hoeing the corn.
"I'm happier far," said Farmer John,
"Than I've been since I was born."

He learned a lesson that lasts him well
'Twill last him his whole life through.
He frets but seldom and never because
He has plenty of work to do.

"I tell you what," says Farmer John,
"They are either knaves or fools
Who long to be idle, for idle hands
Are the devil's chosen tools."

Breaking Cows.

When I was a boy I learned from a neighbor how breaking cows was *not* to be done. He had a kicking cow, and every time before milking he secured her in a narrow pen with rails and ... a task requiring some difficulty, ... performing; which his temper was often ruffled, and the first thing he sometimes did was to vent his rage by whipping the animal. This made it more difficult to get her there the next time. She did not willingly go where she might get a thrashing. More commonly, however, he began to milk her coaxingly, dodging her occasional kicks until some of the milk was accidentally spilled, or until he received a blow from her hoof on his shins. War constantly followed. Seizing a huge cudgel, he laid it with both hands over her back so vigorously as well as repeatedly that I could hear every stroke at a distance of thirty rods. Repeated scenes like this made a deep impression on me, although I was only nine years old, and I came to the conclusion that such acts of passionate cruelty to a helpless brute were uncalled for, and defeated their own object. When older, I milked several of my father's cows, and put my theory into successful practice.

This theory was to let the animal know just what I wanted, and next to make it for her interest to comply with my wishes. A quick distinct penalty was to follow every kick, besides which perfect kindness was to be shown. There must be no rage, heat or passion, or the whole thing would certainly fail. A single quick cut with the whip would tell; and coming but once would be dreaded. If repeated it would produce reaction and fury in the animal, and would utterly fail. If the penalty followed instantly each kick, the animal would soon connect cause and effect and know exactly what was intended; but if a continued thrashing was inflicted, as by the passionate neighbor above mentioned, there could be no connection between the two. I tried my method on many cows, and never failed but in one instance, and that was an exceedingly shrewd animal which knew enough never to kick me, although freely dealing out her blows to others. She seemed to be aware from my presence that I must not be trifled with. I can best describe my mode more in detail, giving my experience with a fractious animal belonging to a widow, with whom I temporarily boarded when a young man.

This widow's cow was an excellent milker, but reputed very low in the scale of morality among the farmers who successively owned her and tried to maul the evil spirit out of her. The widow bought her at a low price, and obtained much milk at a high price, for the cow's legs had to be securely tied every time before approaching her and even then it was a difficult and desperate task. I remarked to the owner one day at the breakfast table that I could easily break the cow. The statement of course was not believed, but I was promised a high reward if I would do it. The yard was about twenty feet square, or more. I placed what was termed a "rawhide" whip under my left arm, and approaching her stroked her back gently and began to milk. In a few seconds her foot came toward me like a flash of lightning, which I eluded and instantly gave her a *single* blow across the back. She started to run, when another *single* blow across the nose brought her to bay. I stroked her gently again, and began to milk, when the same process was again repeated. After a repetition of the same act seven or eight times, she obtained the idea that a kick was followed by that same dreaded *single* blow, and the act became less frequent. Before I had done milking, the kicking had nearly ceased. At the next milking the trouble had greatly diminished, and two or three repetitions at the third milking were the last. It was nearly a fortnight afterwards that the young man who had charge of her dared to undertake the milking, so terrific was the impression she had previously made on him, although she stood perfectly quiet chewing her cud with closed eyes. On account of the pleasant quiet which this animal afterwards enjoyed, as compared with the previous fury, fever and fight, she actually gained flesh and improved in milk.

I have been mortified in being unable to find a single farmer who would adopt this method, although so simple, easy and effectual. Some would occasionally intermit the single blow, and spoil all. Others would "get mad" and strike the animal more than once if any mishap occurred, and that ended the experiment. Some again would argue with me for not employing kindness and moral suasion, and for being so cruel as to strike the animal at all. But I found that such persons were the most ready to fly into a passion themselves at the animal, when their shins were briskly struck, or the milk upset on the ground. My remedy, *carried out*, proved the most humane in the end.

I have long since adopted the rule in ethics, that a man who ever so far disgraces himself as to get mad at a dumb animal as to beat a cow in passion, or kick a horse, ought never to have charge of one, much less own it as property.

I saw, when a boy, another example of stupid passion, in addition to the one mentioned in the first part of this article. Two boys had the milking of neighbor's cow. The animal had the run of a large pasture, and she frequently made it a race ground when tired of standing in the corner to be milked. The boys chased her till they had her again cornered, when they gave her a furious drubbing for her misbehavior. The only lesson the animal could learn from this treatment was a special dread of the corner, and the difficulty of keeping her there became daily greater. The merest reflection would have taught the boys that they were only increasing the trouble, but like many older persons they were governed by passion and impulse, and not by reason.

The great leading principle in controlling animals, is to teach them the connection between cause and effect, which, if one closely follows the other, they are quick to learn. I saw a curious example at a ferry across one of our lakes. The ferry boat was driven by a pair of horses working on a horizontal wheel. The ferryman's barn was on a hill twenty rods from the boat. He turned the horses loose, when they went immediately of their own accord down the hill, walked out on the pier, stepped on the boat, went to the rear end, and then backed down on the wheel, the ferryman not being within sight. This remarkable movement was at once understood. They found their breakfast of oats every morning at the place on the wheel.

Many years ago when oxen were common, an acquaintance acquired a wide reputation for his skill in breaking to the yoke wild and unruly steers. In five days he would have the most intractable in mild and complete subjection, and he never charged over five dollars for each yoke, and made money at that sum. His whole process was very simple. He turned four or five pairs into a yard, and spent several hours at first in walking slowly and gently among them. They became familiar with his presence, and found that he did not hurt them. By that time they were willing to allow him to place his hand on their backs. He went slowly from one to another, and in a few hours they could be handled about the neck and head. An ox-bow was placed under the neck, and by gently drawing on it for some time, each animal would step forward. In this way they were taught successively to follow the movement of his hand, to come under the yoke and obey the voice of command. They understood this voice, given in low tones, better than common half-broken oxen obeyed the hoarsest vociferations. The success of this treatment depended on a system of uniform, patient, but unyielding labor, continued as daily work in succession. An excitable, nervous, impatient or passionate man, who is liable to commit that foolish and undignified act of an intellectual being—getting mad at a poor dumb animal—should never attempt anything of the kind, and in fact never have charge of cattle.

It must be borne in mind that while uniformly gentle treatment alone may be sufficient to accustom a heifer to the few which are natural kickers, and the many which are made so by mismanagement, must be taught by a firm hand in the manner described, that transgression always brings an unvary and uniform and instant penalty. The points on which I have written may seem unimportant and trivial to some farmers, but the fact that of the millions owned and fed in the United States, there are many ten thousands which are kicked, mauled and abused, when they might as well be humanely treated, and grow and get fat in contentment, affords a sufficient reason for giving the matter earnest attention.

Pasturing Stock in Winter.

The year 1881 is closed, but the weather in the shortest days was exceptionally pleasant. Not a few farmers have been letting stock run in the fields through the day, stabling at night; but it is very doubtful whether any advantage is gained by this, despite prospective scarcity of feed. Besides the tramping of the fields in their muddy state, the animals thus running around lose more than they can gain from frost bitten herbage. A run in the barnyard will give all needed exercise, and if kept close, more coarse feed like straw and stover will be eaten, than if stock is allowed to roam the fields. At this season there is nothing, that cattle or horses can pick up, which would not be worth as much or more to lie on the ground and mulch or fertilize it. This is especially true of land intended for plowing and cropping next season.

Many farmers think because they propose to plow a field that all they can get from it by pasturing must be clear gain. Yet they will haul wagon loads of coarse manure, often worth less per ton than the herbage they feed off. With clover, this close shaving cannot so well be practiced, for the deep roots constitute the most valuable fertilizer of the plant. But, the grasses are more above the surface, and if the sod be eaten close to the ground most of its value to the next crop will be lost. There are at any season much cheaper foods than pasturage. This cannot fail to be doubly true at this season when the nutritive value of grasses has been washed out by the combined action of snows, frost and rains. The open warm weather has been an advantage in wintering stock, provided it be kept close to the barn and regularly fed. But if the weather is open early in the winter, and stock is allowed to roam the fields they will invariably look poorly in the spring.

A WAY TO OPEN THE OPEN POLAR SEA.—Advices from the Greeley Arctic expedition state that the party have arrived at the point where Dr. Kane asserted he saw the open polar sea, and they are still pushing on. If they have really arrived at a point where Dr. Kane said he saw the open polar sea, and have not seen the sea themselves, but are still pushing on, there is a mistake somewhere. Either Dr. Kane did not see any polar sea, or the Greeley party have not arrived at the point, or there has been a frosty night and the sea has frozen over. The theory that the open polar sea was open at all hours, a sort of all night house, and navigable at all seasons, is therefore likely to be destroyed, and it is safe to say that the Pole, when it is found, will be found in ice a foot thick. From what we have heard of the climate up there we have never had much faith in an open polar sea, with bananas and oranges floating around in it, as has been claimed. We would sooner expect a sea that would have to be opened with a cold chisel and a can of nitroglycerine.—*Peck's Sun.*

The mother of the late Gen. G. A. Custer, died at Monroe on Saturday, aged 73. A husband, two daughters, and a son survive.

An aged negro was one day showing the scars of wounds inflicted by the lash when he was a slave. "What a picture!" exclaimed a sympathizing looker-on. "Yes," responded the colored brother, "dat's de work ob one ob de old masters."—*New York Post.*

The "Expert" Question Under Discussion.

"My dear," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, as she wiped the corner of the baby's mouth, and curled up a roll on the top of the head, "why don't you go and be an expert?"

"Expert in what?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke, dropping his paper. "What kind of an expert?"

"Don't you know! An expert who goes to court and yells right out what he thinks of hypothetical questions and heads, and knows by the almanac just when a man is crazy and when he isn't."

"Anything particular the matter with your head this trip?" roared Mr. Spoopendyke. "Been reading some old cook book lately? What're you talking about? What dress pattern have you got hold of now?"

"I was reading about Mr. Guiteau, replied Mrs. Spoopendyke, "and thought how much better it must be to be an expert than to know anything about the case! That's why I asked. If a man knows anything they always prove that he don't, but if he is an expert, he just swears that a man who bothers him is crazy and ends it."

"I s'pose you think I've had so much experience in idiocy at home that I could make a fortune as an expert," sputtered Mr. Spoopendyke. "I tell you they are intelligent men. They make up their minds and spear to their opinions according to law. When the revised statutes at large provide for me as an expert, as they provide for idiots, lunatics, habitual drunkards and married women, I'll go into the business!" and Mr. Spoopendyke winked at himself triumphantly as he thought over the last shot.

"Well," rejoined Mrs. Spoopendyke bridling indignantly, "if the revised statutes provide that way, they ought to be shut up. They've no business at large. I don't know that these experts were legalized. I supposed they just went there to help their friends along."

"No, they don't either!" retorted Mr. Spoopendyke. "They go to swear whether the man is insane or not."

"But what do they want to drown him for?" argued Mrs Spoopendyke. "There they were all talking at once and getting along pleasantly, when all of a sudden Mr. Porkhill and Col. Corker and Mr. Savage throw Mr. Guiteau into the dock."

"Drown your grandfather's hind leg!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke. "What d'ye think a law dock is? Got a notion its a pond with green scum on top of it? S'pose it's a two-inch mud puddle with a fence around it, and a congressional appropriation to make it navigable? It's a pen, I tell ye; a railed-off pen in the court room, where they put prisoners. Guiteau bothered the experts so that they had to put him in the pen. Think you understand it now?"

"Of course" assented Mrs. Spoopendyke, but why didn't they put Mr. Scoville and Mr. Reed there, too? They are trying to bother the experts just as much as Guiteau did. They won't let the poor man alone."

"Don't you know the difference between a lawyer and a criminal?" ripped Mr. Spoopendyke, or is that too fine a distinction for you? Reed and Scoville are defending Guiteau, Porter and Corkhill and Davidge are prosecuting him. Of course his lawyer will cross-examine the witness against him. But it's no use to explain anything to you."

"I understand that much," returned Mrs. Spoopendyke, "but I don't understand what Judge Cox means by pitching into the lawyers and overriding their questions. The first he knows the experts will swear that he is an asymmetrical, and then he'll be put in the dock, with Guiteau, where it will go hard with him. I tell you a judge can't be too careful how he behaves," and Mrs. Spoopendyke pinned the baby's skirts and smoothed out its dress.

"Wow!" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke, unable for an instant to throw his feelings into any coherent form of speech "You've struck it! You're a whole barrel of canned judiciary! All you want now is a red label on your back and some marginal notes to be a dod gasted law library! If you'd change your assistants once a month and win four cases during one term of office, you'd only need three deodands and a plug hat to be a district attorney! You've got the idea! There's nothing more to be said on either side! Give you a black petticoat with sleeves to it and a wart on your nose, and you'd only want a restaurant in the basement and a lounge up-stairs to be a United States supreme court! What d'ye suppose a judge is for, a substitute? Think he sits around to ease the prisoner, turn and turn about? Got some kind of an idea that he is a work on etiquette, with mottled leaves and a yellow binding, and Tommy from Fanny on the fly? I tell you the pre idea! And anybody but a half-witted woman who didn't think with her heels and reason with the rat-hole next door wouldn't need to be told of it more times than she makes an idiot of herself!"

"If he presides, it's all right," rejoined Mrs. Spoopendyke, with a sigh of relief, "but I got the idea that he went there to feel the public sentiment, and then say those were his views, and he was only helping the prosecution to see the error of Guiteau's ways before his conduct was snapped up and used against him."

Mr. Spoopendyke drew off his clothes solemnly, fired the pieces into different corners and waded into bed with the stern reflection that "some people only needed side whiskers and a note book full of bad lectures on repealed statutes to be a modern law school!"

"I don't care," muttered Mrs. Spoopendyke. "I like those experts, and I wish my husband would go into the business. They may not hang Mr. Guiteau, but they will find the jury insane, and Mr. Porter will have to look up some other kind of a job, for this trial can't last forever."

With which satisfactory solution of the national complication, Mrs. Spoopendyke undressed the baby, dropping the pins where Mr. Spoopendyke would be sure to find them the moment he stepped out of the bed in the morning.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

BIRD-LIME.—Among the many industries in Japan is the manufacture of bird-lime. It is, of course, principally employed for the snaring of birds and animals. By its means animals as large as monkeys are caught. When once they get the stuff on their paws they soon cover themselves with it, and so exhaust themselves in trying to get rid of it that they fall an easy prey. Birds also as large as ducks and every variety of smaller ones are taken by it. Rats are easily caught by a small quantity on a piece of board or paper, and placing it near their holes. It is spread upon a bamboo leaf, and used during the summer for catching flies and other insects. Flea-traps are made for its service, and occasionally used by the Japanese in bed. Bird-lime is also used by the Japanese for medicinal purposes, and it is considered one of the best cures for wounds. Japan is the only country where it is regularly manufactured on a large scale, the principal tree from which it is made being a dark evergreen from the mountains in the south.—*Scientific American.*